

JUMBO COMICS

No. 93
NOV.
10¢

SHEENA,
Jungle Queen,

"THE BEASTS THAT
DAWN BEGOT!"

ALSO
GHOST GALLERY-SKY GIRL
AND MANY OTHERS



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No. 1

10¢



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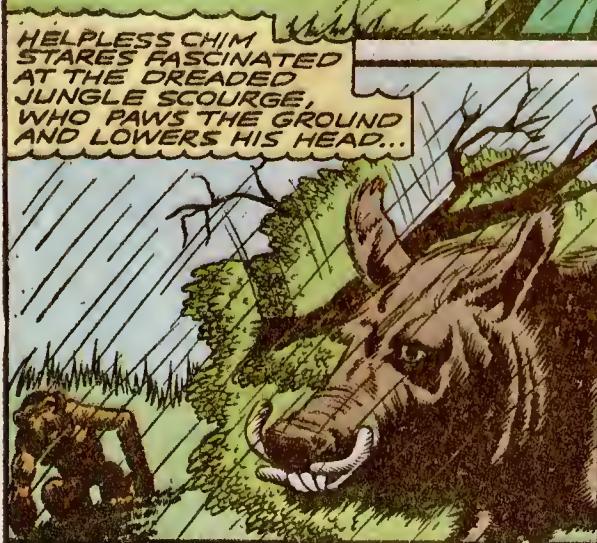
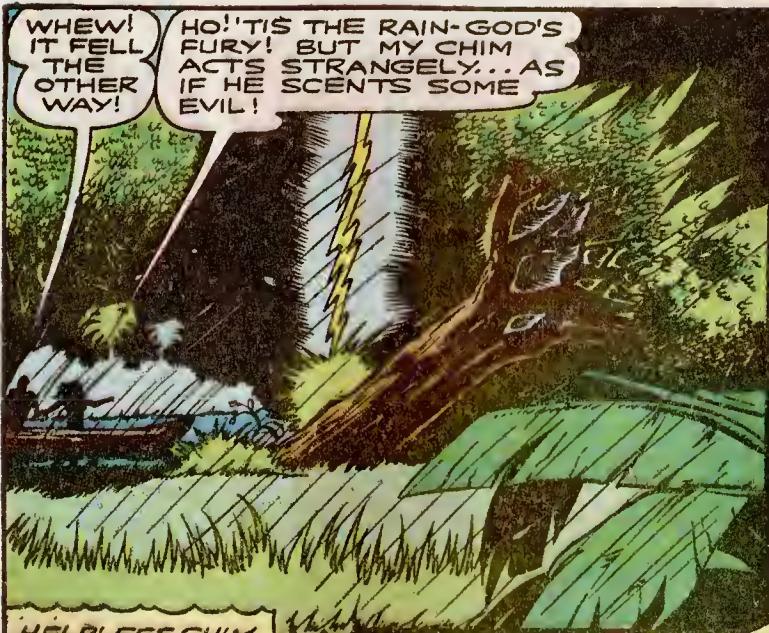
NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 94, DEC.) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOV. 1st

BY
W. MORGAN
THOMAS

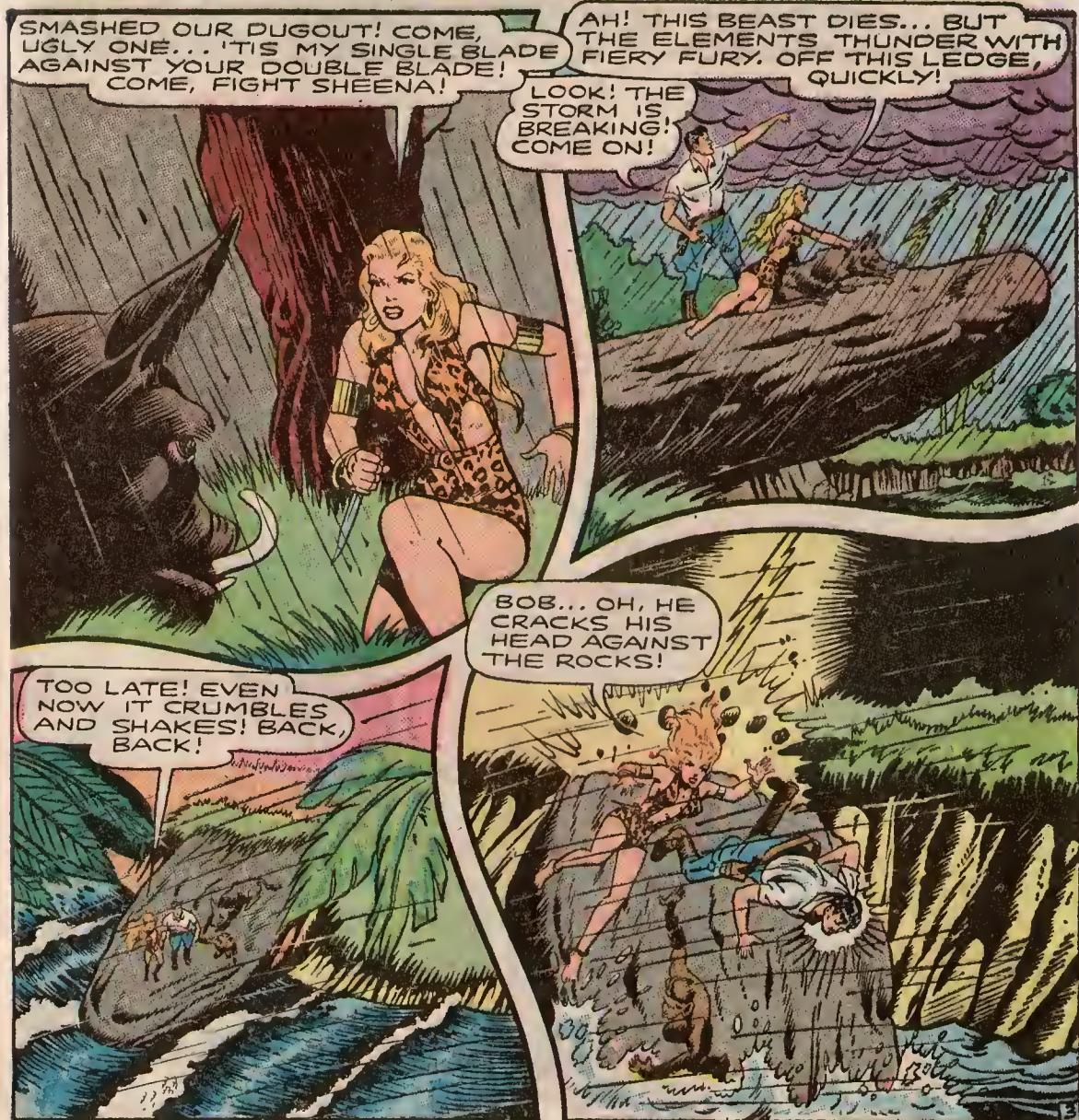
SHEENA Queen of the Jungle

FROM THE SLIME-BLACKENED CREEVICES CAME WHISPERINGS OF THE DAWN RACE, SPAWNED IN THE EVIL SEED OF ANTIQUITY... AND DARMA, THE GHASTLY DEMON GODDESS, SHRIEKED A FIERCE CHALLENGE TO QUEEN SHEENA, AS THEY DANCED IN DEATH-GRIP ABOVE THE YAWNING TORTURE-PIT... EACH KNOWING ONE MUST DIE!





JUMBO COMICS



UNCONSCIOUS! BUT I MUST SAVE HIM, EVEN THOUGH THESE SWIRLING WATERS TRY TO DRAW US DOWN!

HE IS MY MATE... IF WE MUST GO DOWN, WE GO DOWN TO OUR WATERY GRAVE TOGETHER! HE DRAGS LIKE LEAD... MY BREATH... B-BUT WHAT IS THAT I SEE IN THE MIST AHEAD?

SUDDENLY... NOT FAR OUT ON THE RAIN-SWEPT LAGOON...

GREAT SCOTT!... PEOPLE OUT THERE... STRUGGLING! THE ROPES... QUICKLY! WE MUST SAVE THEM!

OOH... MY LEGS FAIL ME! IF I CAN BUT REACH THAT RING!... BOB!

GET THEM ABOARD. QUICKLY!

SOON... WE OWE YOU OUR LIVES, PROFESSOR CRAIG! HOW CAN WE EVER REPAY YOU?

MOYAMBA! THE RUDDER IS SMASHED! B'WANA! I CANNOT STEER!

HOLD TIGHT! THAT SHEER CLIFF AHEAD... WE'RE GOING TO CRASH...

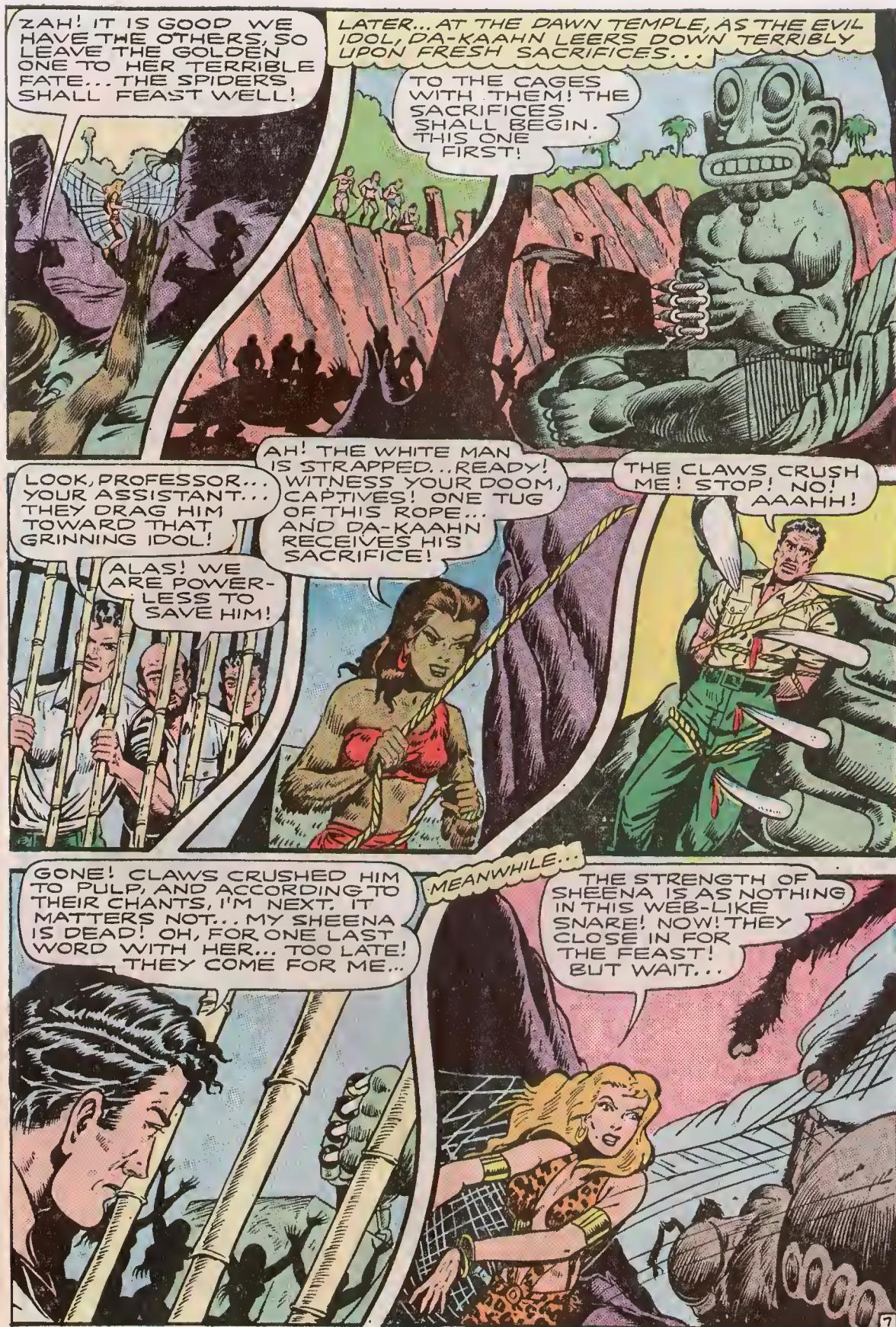
BUT WAIT! WHAT IS THAT I SEE? NO! IT CAN'T BE... YET...



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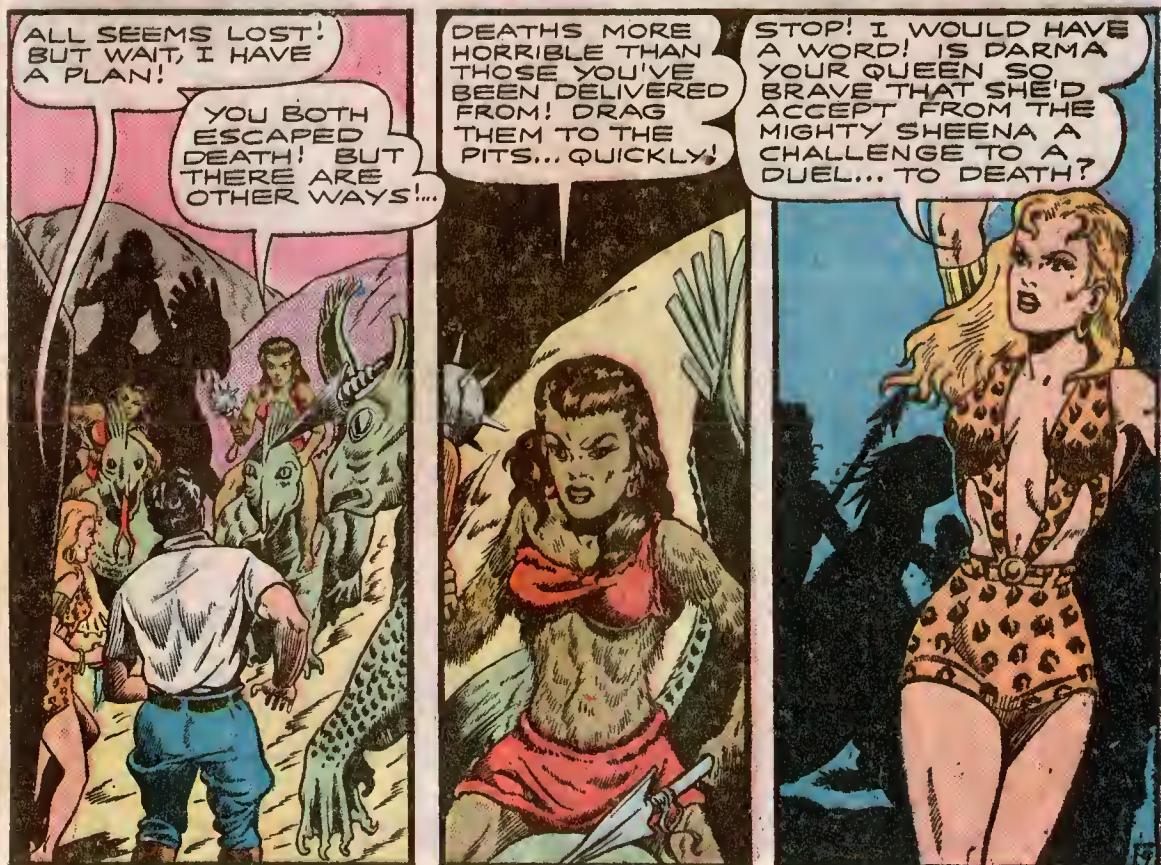
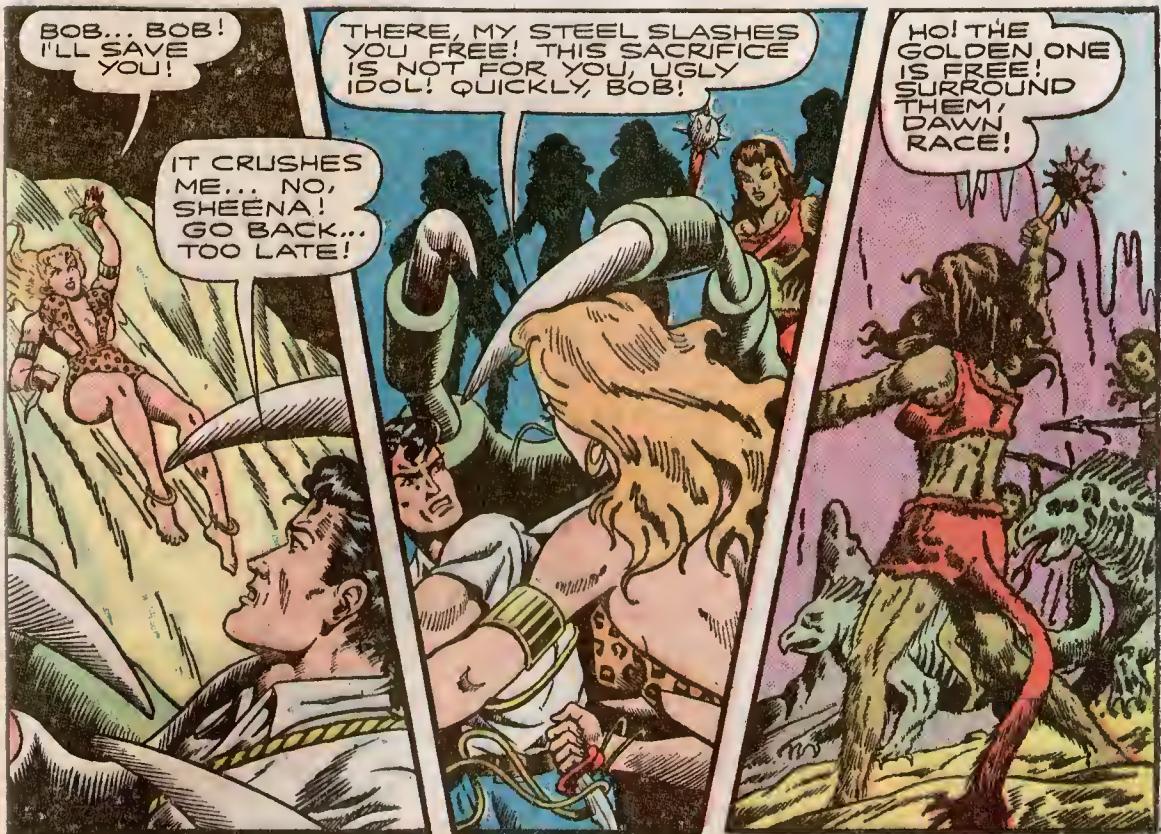
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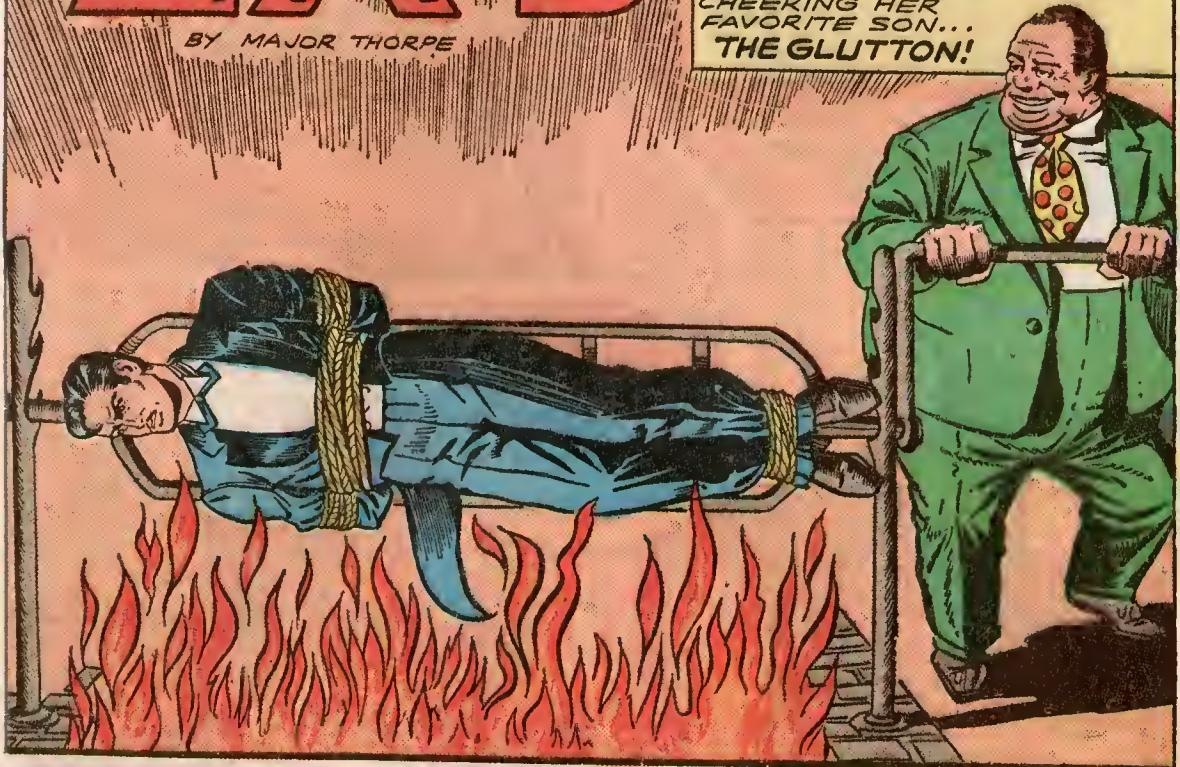
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ZX-5

BY MAJOR THORPE

OUT OF THE SHADOWS, SLINKING FROM THE LONG AGO, EMERGES A KILLER, SUAVE AS HE IS RUTHLESS. AN INSANE LUST FOR BLOOD BEATS A CRESCENDO IN HIS BRAIN. KILL! KILL ZX, THE ONE WHO HAS SO FREQUENTLY FOILED YOU! THEN THEY MEET IN EPIC STRUGGLE WITH DEATH CHEERING HER FAVORITE SON... THE GLUTTON!



GUARDING WEDDING GIFTS IS NOT QUITE MY USUAL LINE, BARON. HOWEVER, I IMAGINE THE SOLVANIAN CROWN JEWELS WARRANT MY MAKING AN EXCEPTION.

NOT WHILE I HAVE THIS CANE. IT'S A MOST EFFICIENT AIDE.

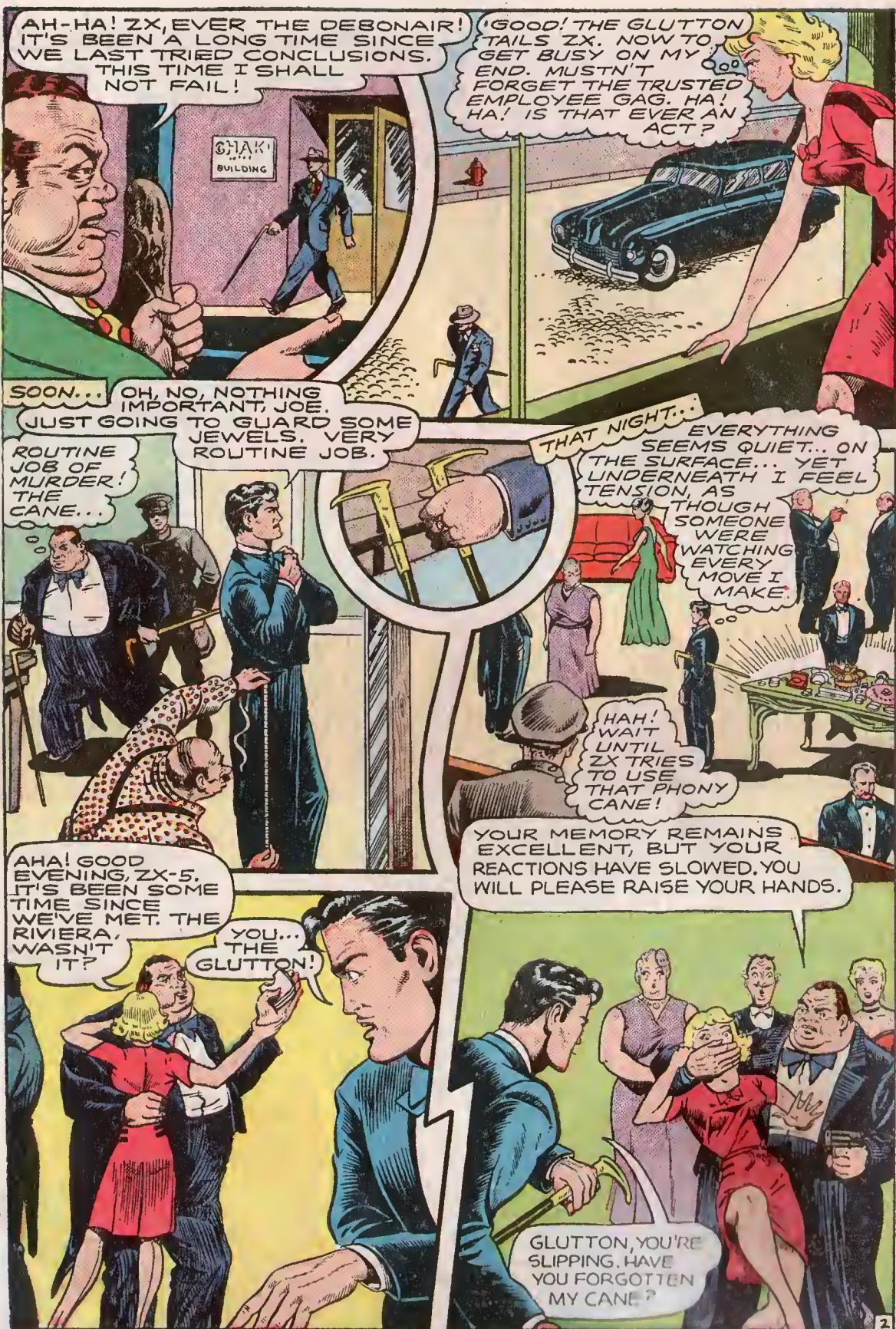
AND SO HAVE I! BUT THIS LITTLE SECRETARY IS GOING TO SNAG BOTH THE JEWELS AND CANE IN ONE FELL SWOOP.

ISSS GOOD. YOU WILL REQUIRE ASSISTANTS, OF COURSE?

AH, YISSS. I HAVE HEARD IT IS TRULY FORMIDABLE.

MUST RUN NOW, BARON. MY TAILOR AWAITS. THIS EVENING THEN, THE EMBASSY AT NINE.





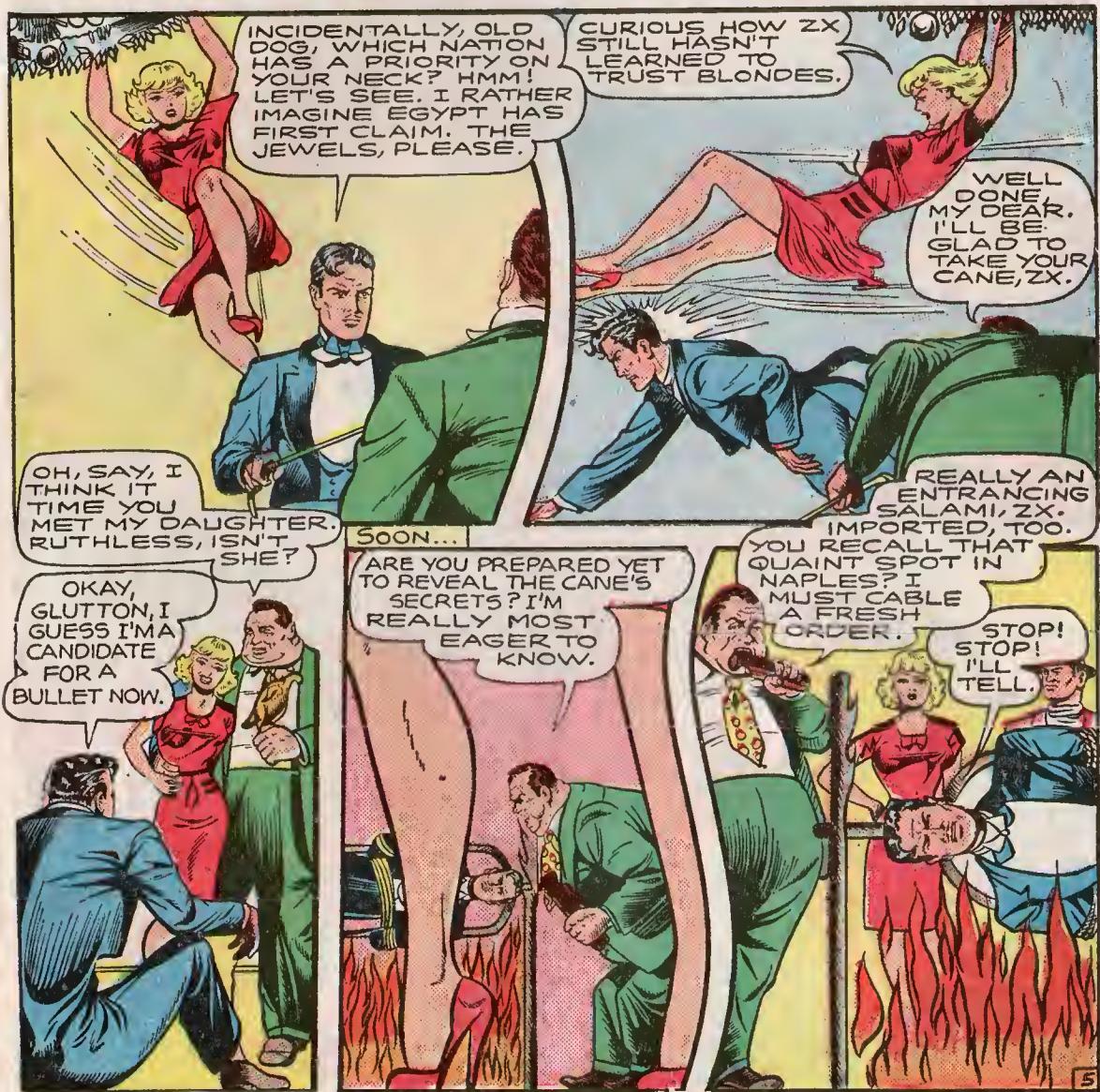
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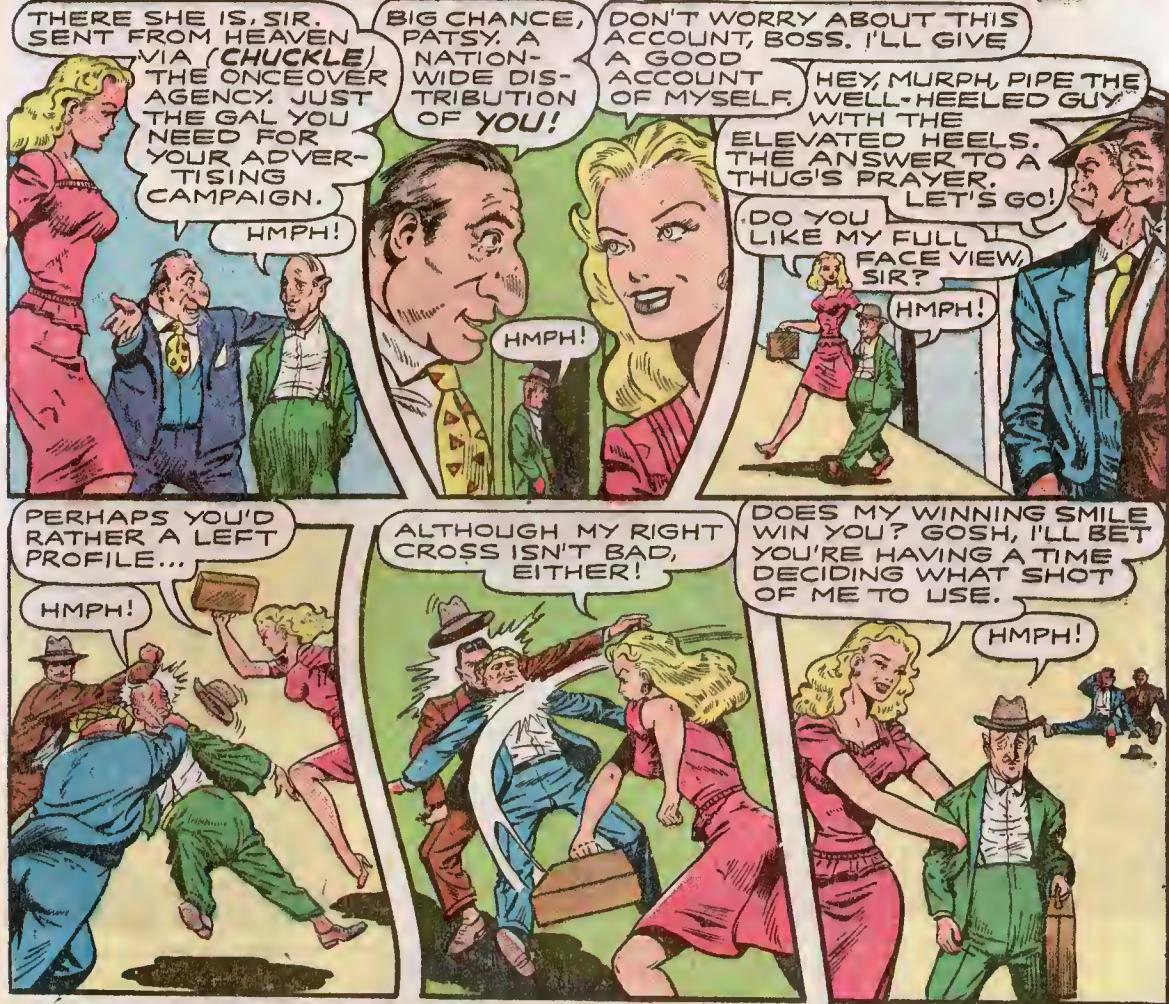


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PATSY PNUP

BY
SWING
SISTA



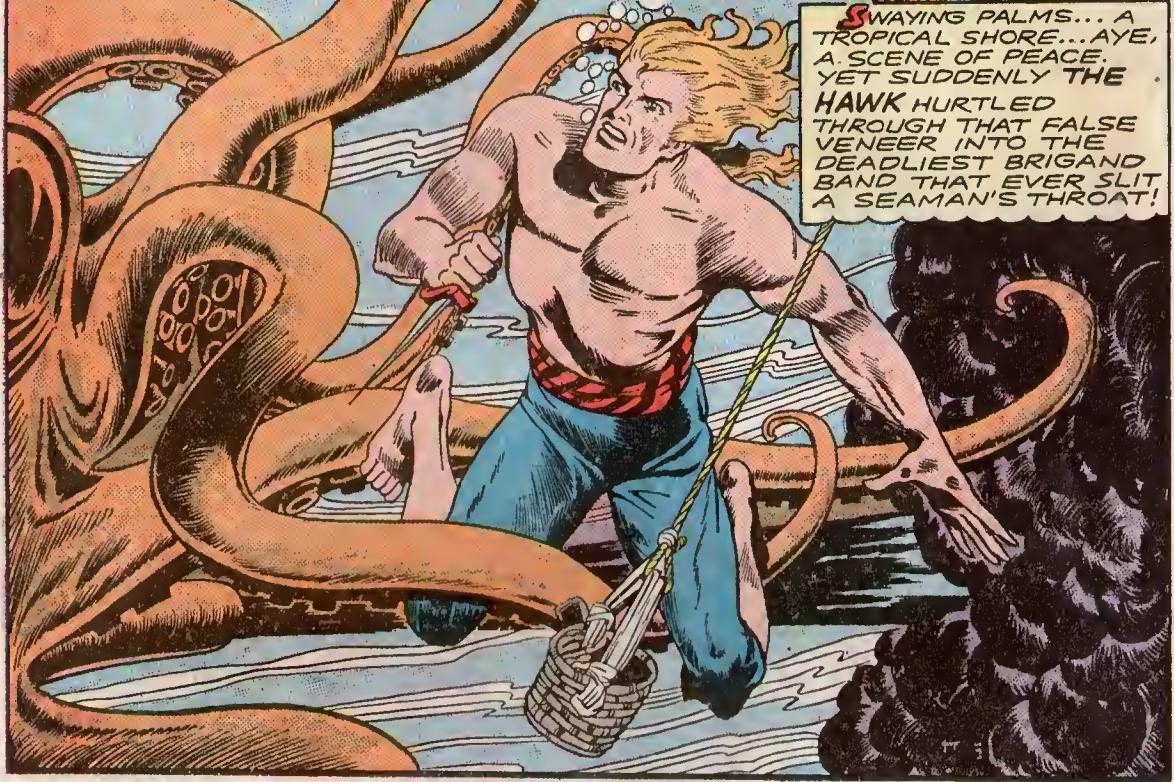
PATSY PINUP POSES IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
JUMBO Comics!

First

The Hawk

BY WILLIS RENSIE

SWAYING PALMS... A
TROPICAL SHORE... AYE,
A SCENE OF PEACE.
YET SUDDENLY THE
HAWK HURTLED
THROUGH THAT FALSE
VENEER INTO THE
DEADLIEST BRIGAND
BAND THAT EVER SLIT
A SEAMAN'S THROAT!



IT BEGAN WHEN THE
LADY SCARLETT
CRUISED IN PEARL-
DIVING WATERS...

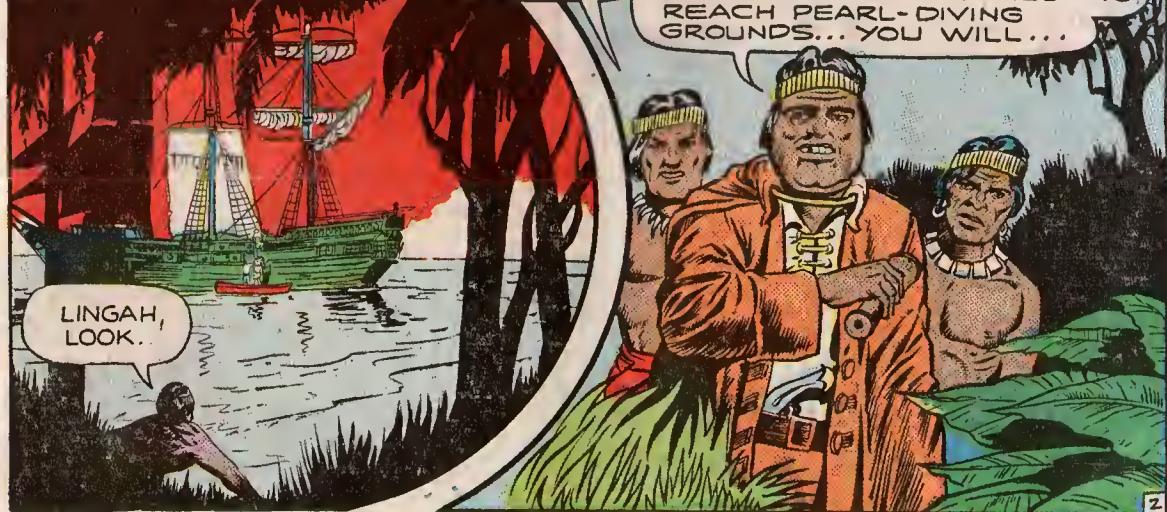
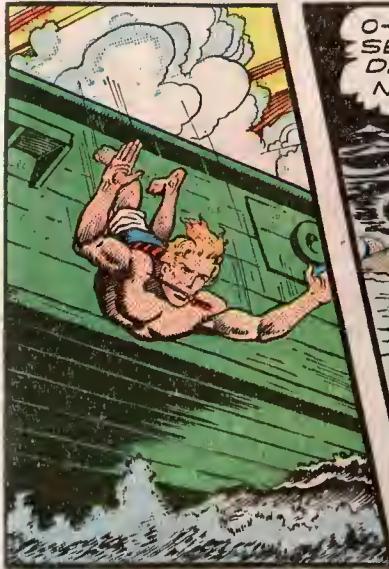


CAP'N HAWK! LOOK
YONDER... 'TIS A
MAN IN THE
WATER!

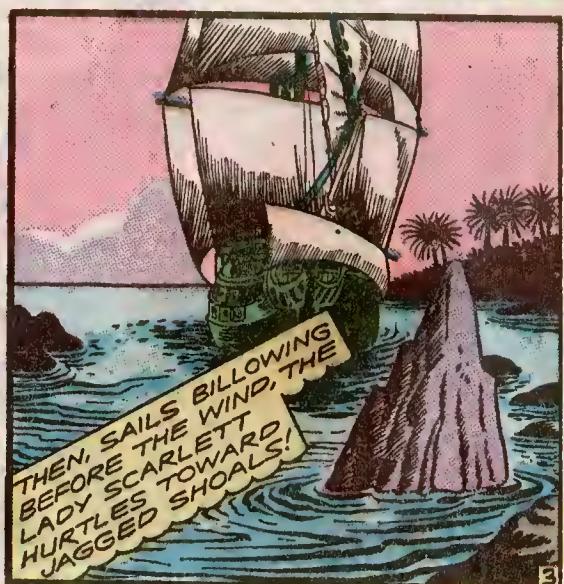
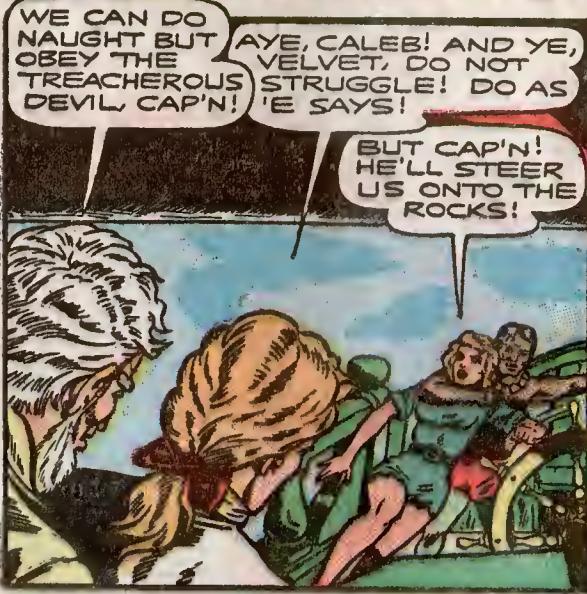


BOUND TO A LOG,
'E IS... AND LOOK!
THAT FIN!





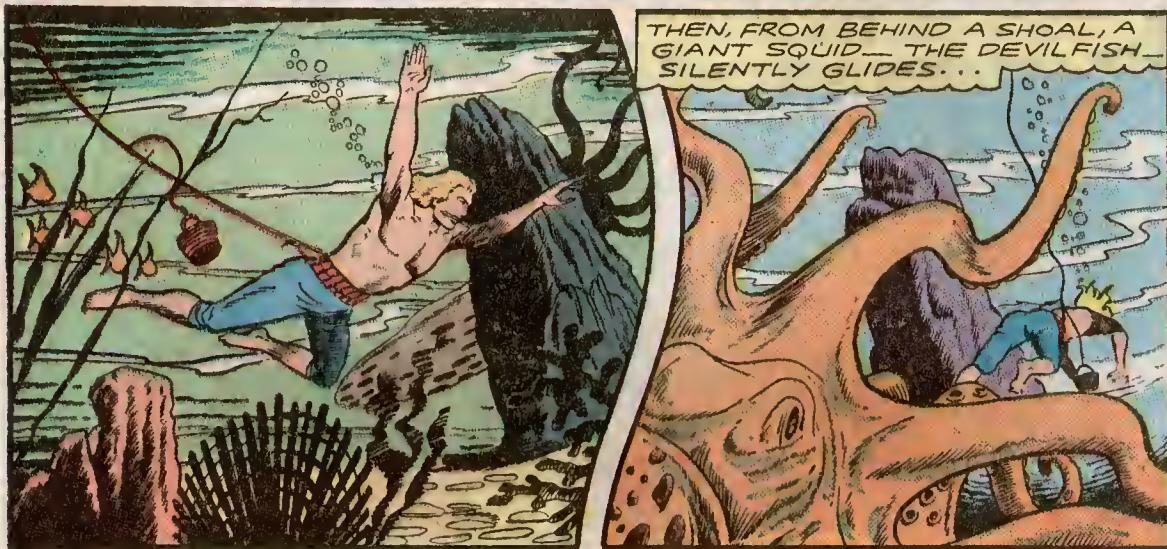
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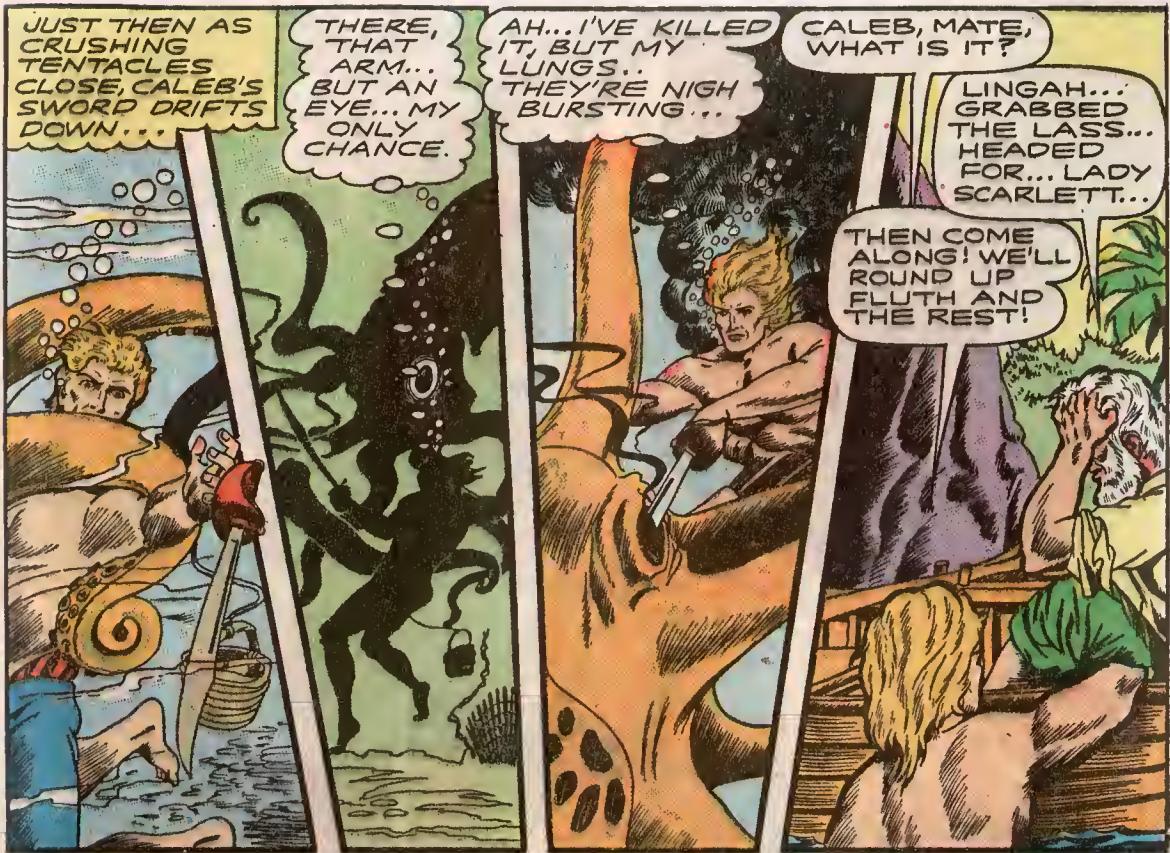
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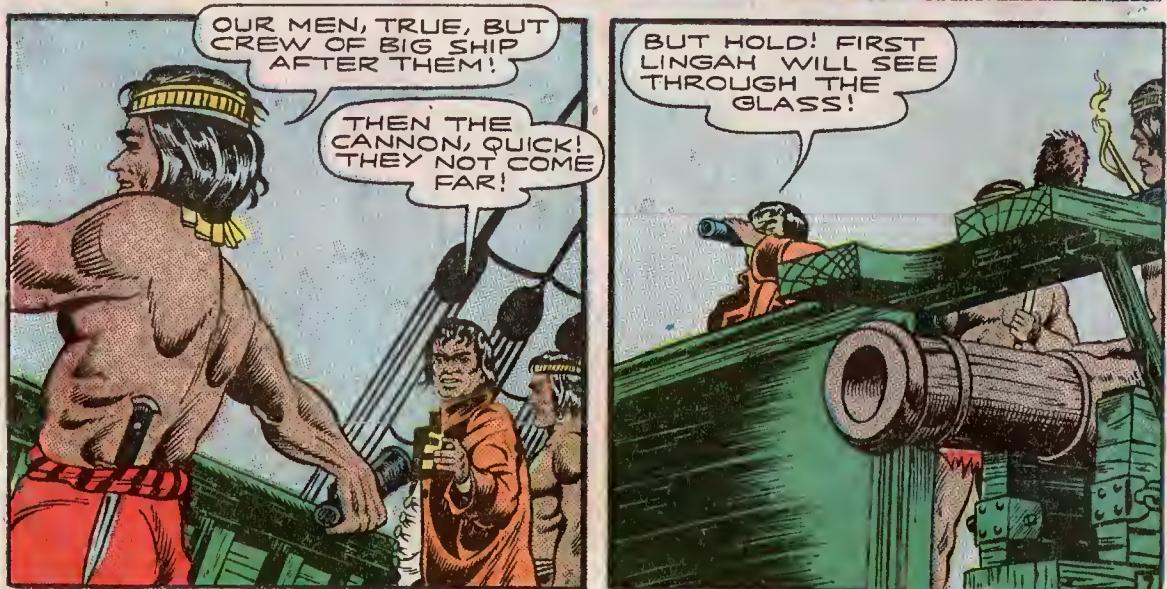
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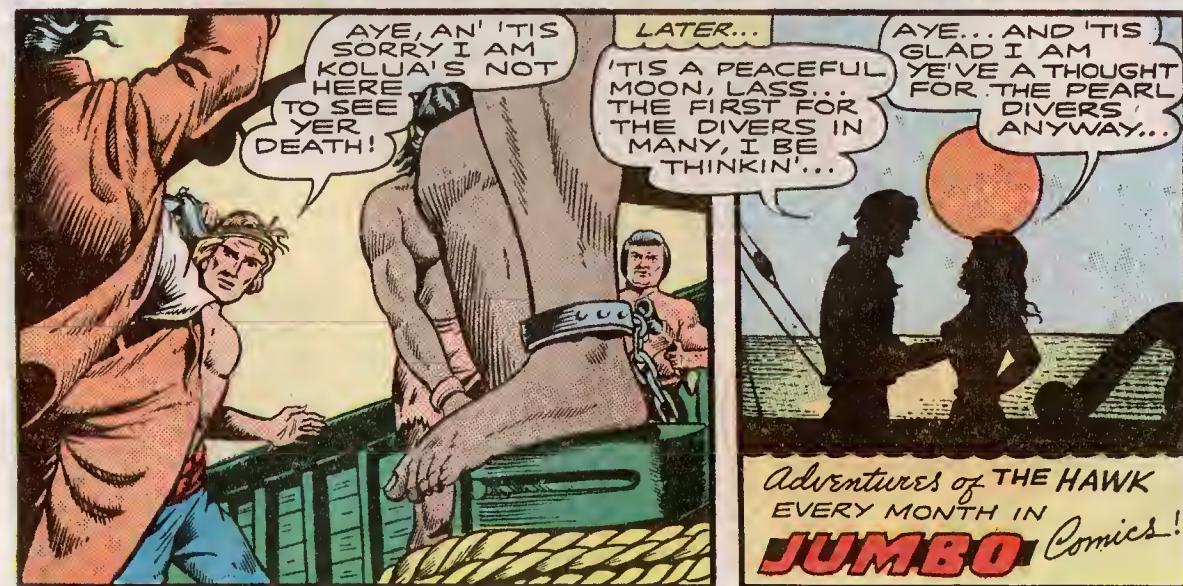
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SKY GIRL

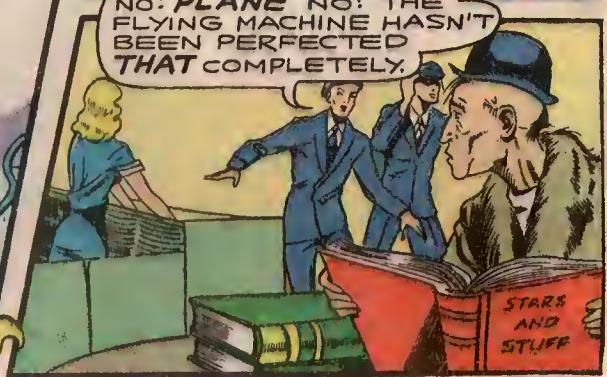
BY BILL GIBSON



HEY, GUYS, I HAVE AN AFTERNOON FREE FROM THE SKILLET. HOW'S ABOUT TAKING ME UP TO WATCH THE CLOUDS GO BY?



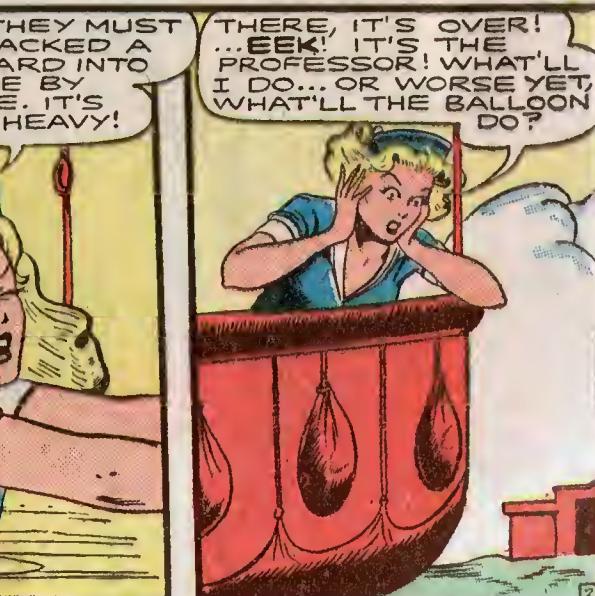
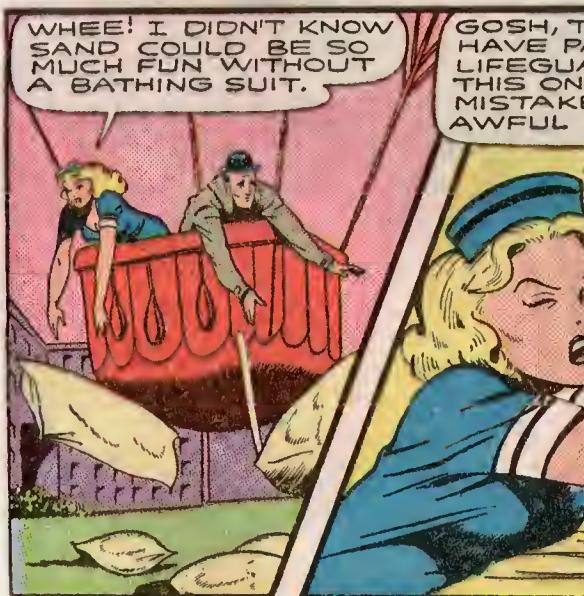
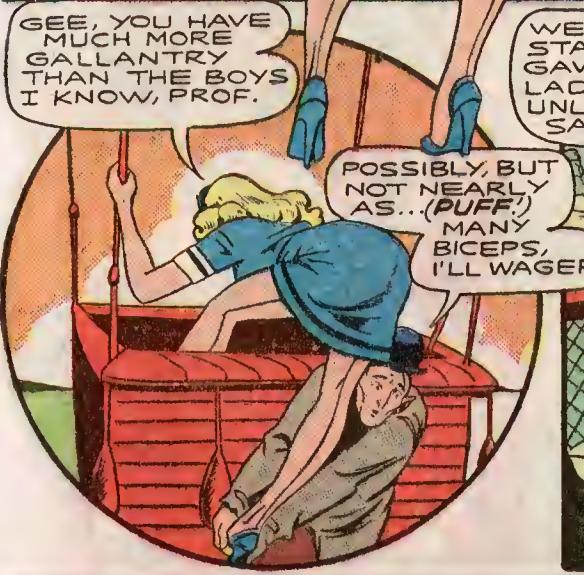
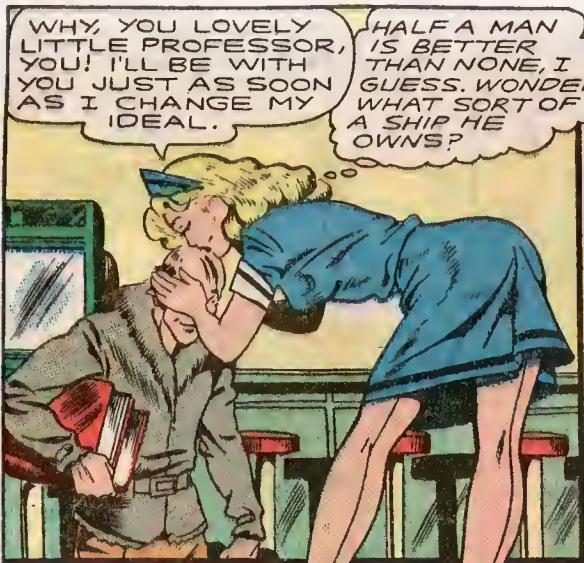
NO! PLANE NO! THE FLYING MACHINE HASN'T BEEN PERFECTED THAT COMPLETELY.



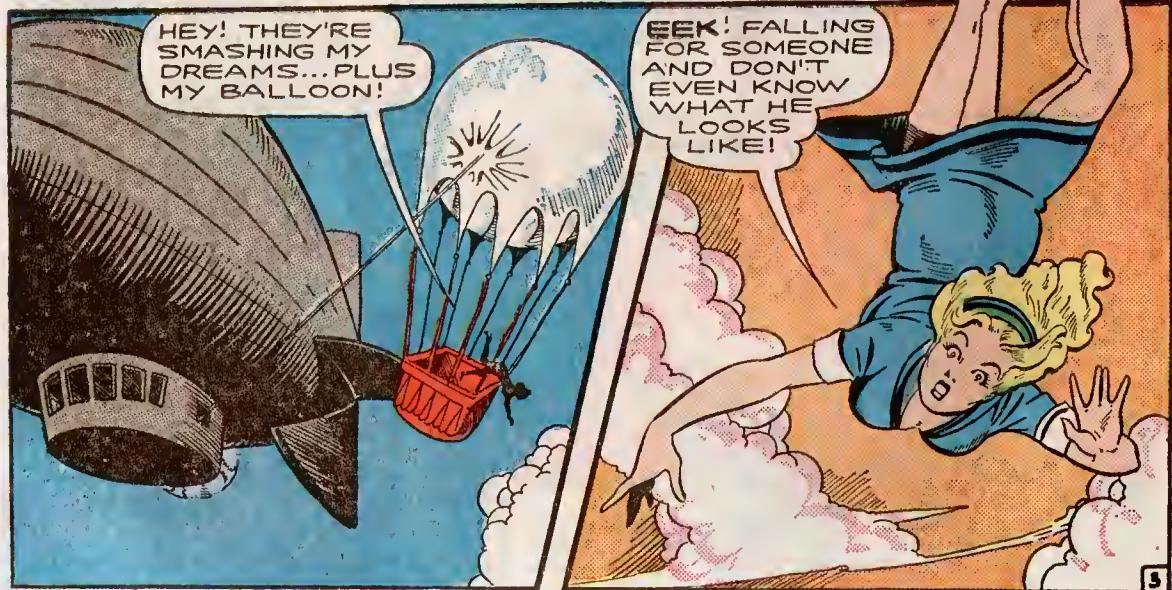
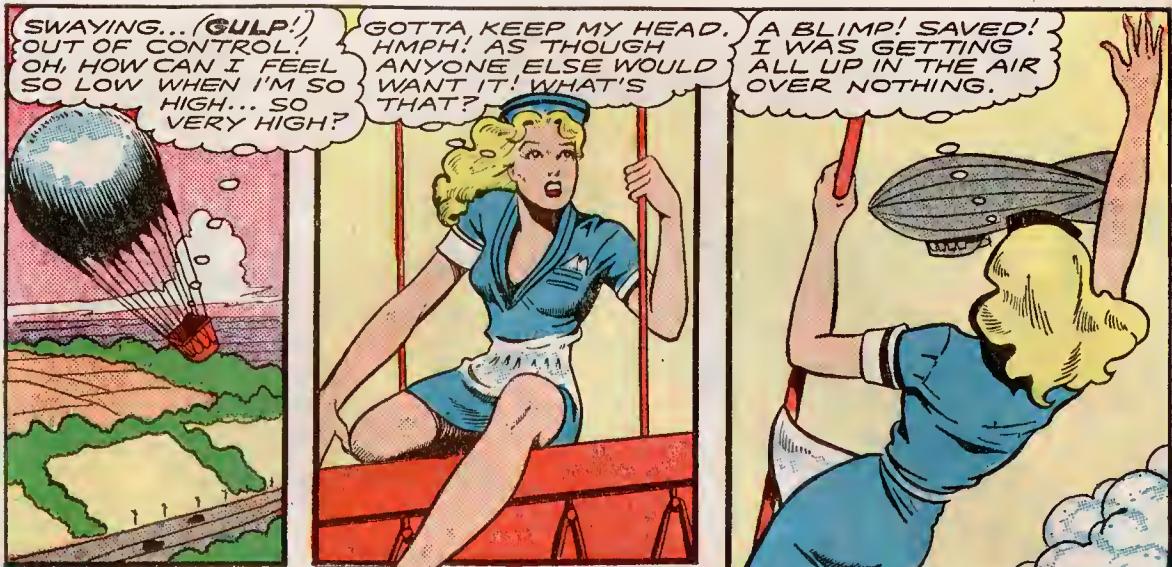
PERHAPS YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN GOING UP WITH ME. HIGHER'S THE NAME... HIGHER N. HIGHER, BUT YOU MAY CALL ME JUST PLAIN "SIR!"



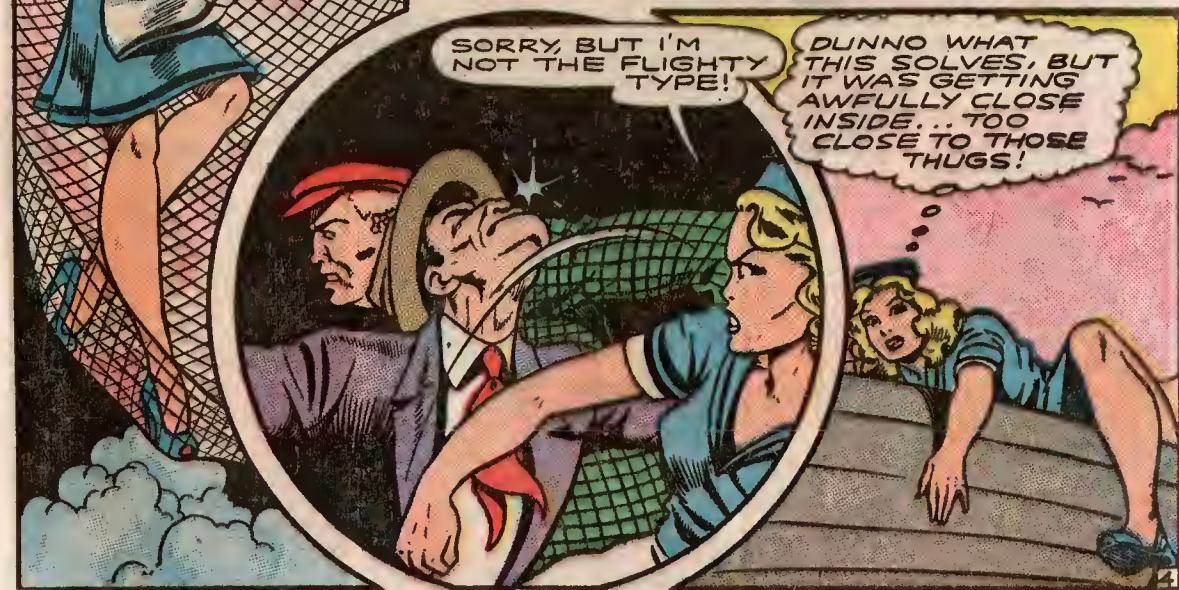
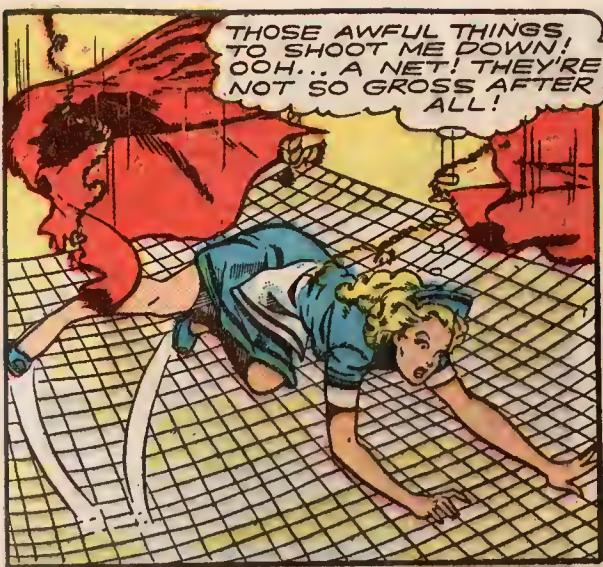
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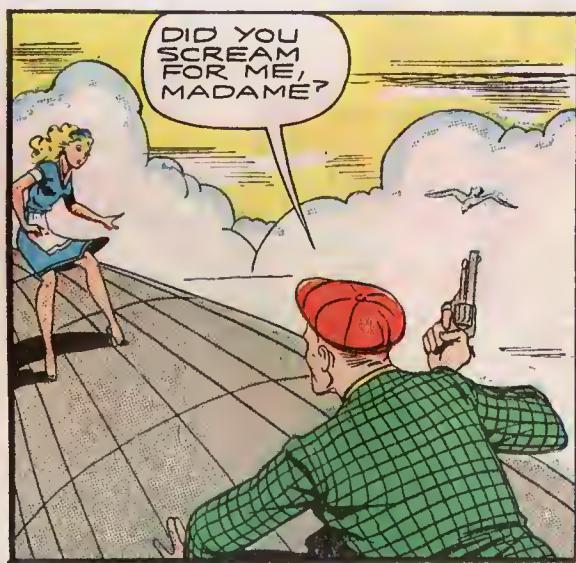
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SHEENA AND THE HOWLING HORROR

By W. MORGAN THOMAS

IT was deathly quiet in the tree hut, but there was no sound of the heavy, regular breathing which usually accompanies restful slumber. Rather there was a strange, brooding quality about the silence, as though the inhabitants of the hut were waiting for something.

"Chee—chee—" It was little Chim, unable any longer to stand the gloom and the menacing quiet.

Sheena spoke sharply from a far corner of the hut. "Be still, Chim! Perhaps it will come again, and when it does we must be ready. Sheena must know what this thing is which howls so in the night!"

Now Bob spoke from his corner of the hut, where he had been listening and waiting for Sheena to break the silence.

"Yes, Chim, be quiet. How can Sheena fight this thing if . . . ?"

"Shhhh . . ." It was Sheena bidding them be still. The horrible sound of which they had spoken began to wail again in the jungle.

It seemed to come from a distance, gradually approaching and growing ever higher in pitch. Although Sheena's ears were as sharp as any beast which roamed the jungle she could not locate the direction from which the sound came. It grew in intensity and volume until a roaring, crying, wailing cauldron of insane sound filled the hut. Then it ceased as suddenly as it had come. And quiet descended on the jungle.

"Chee—chee—" Chim scampered across the floor of the hut and leaped into Bob's arms.

Bob wiped his brow and patted the little chimpanzee on his fuzzy head. "I don't blame you, Chim, for being frightened. That sound —like all the lost souls of eternity crying out!"

Sheena came close to them in the darkness and touched them with a comforting hand. "Do not fear," she said. "Even Sheena is baffled by this strange and terrible sound

now, but when the dawn comes Sheena goes to find its source. The jungle can not keep its secrets from Sheena."

Bob patted Chim once more. "There, you see, there is nothing to fear. Now go to sleep." And later, as Bob himself drifted off into slumber, he found himself thinking that if any person in the world could solve the mystery of the strange sound it was Sheena, Queen of the Jungle!

But before the sun was up next morning, a wizened native came out of the dense underbrush and approached the tree hut. Sheena, with Bob and Chim, was having breakfast when a voice hailed her from the foot of the giant tree which supported the hut.

"Oh mighty Sheena," called the shriveled little native. "Come and give me your counsel. A thing has howled in the night, a most terrible sound, and when the men of my tribe went forth to find this thing and slay it a thing happened which would make the stone gods weep. Come, Sheena, and aid us in our struggle with the beast of the night."

Sheena descended and spoke with the native, while Bob and Chim made ready for travel. Sheena had vowed that not another night would pass before she solved the riddle of the howling horror. But even as he worked Bob found time to listen to the conversation from below.

"Greetings, Mahibi," called Sheena. "Tell me all you know of this strange thing. Sheena will help you, as you well know or you would not have traveled so far."

"It is as I have said, mighty Sheena. There came this sound last night, as you must have heard also. The warriors of my village, ten of them, and all very brave men, went forth to seek from whence came the sound. Nothing happened until much later—when the warriors returned . . ."

Sheena was impatient. "Well, Mahibi? What then?"

The native's voice quavered and broke. "They returned, Sheena. But they could not speak! Nor could they hear! Their tongues were wrenched out by the roots, and sharp sticks thrust into their ears so that they might be deafened. Ten of our bravest warriors, Sheena!"

Bob heard the hissing intake of Sheena's breath. He knew the rage that must be coursing through her as she listened to the pitiful tale. And in a moment he heard her voice, saying: "Come, Bob. We go on a journey at once. And we shall see if this thing, whatever it is, can do to Sheena what it did to the ten men of Mahibi's village."

The sun was sinking again when they came at last to the village. Chim had been left behind at the tree hut, and Mahibi had gone ahead to warn his people of Sheena's coming and of her plans. Now, as they paused just outside the village, Sheena once more instructed Bob in what he must do. Bob listened attentively, then waved goodbye as Sheena swung into the trees and disappeared. He knew that she would not be far away, and he whistled a little tune as he trudged into the village to await the coming of the darkness. He would carry out his part of the plan—and Sheena would watch over him.

An hour later the cry came welling from the depths of the jungle. Bob, obeying Sheena's instructions, left the village where the people crouched in fear, and walked straight into the jungle. Sheena would be watching him, waiting for him to be attacked, and when that moment came . . .

Something rustled behind him. Before he could spin about he was struck heavily on the head and went down and down into a spinning, reeling black hole!

A harsh voice brought Bob back to consciousness. A tall man in a devil mask was speaking to him, and all around were other men in devil masks. They were in a clearing in the jungle, lit by a bright moon, and in the center of the clearing was something which puzzled Bob. Where had he seen that thing before? A huge drum made of a tree log, but with pierced ends through which a long cord of llani grass was drawn. A masked figure was busily engaged in rubbing a powdery

substance on the cord, and a pungent smell filled the air. Then Bob remembered!

"Resin!" As a boy in the United States, long ago, he had put resin on a string and pulled it through a pierced box. It made a frightening sound on Hallowe'en night.

"Yes," sneered the tall masked man. "The gum of the jajap bush. With it we frightened everything in the jungle I mean to rule. And those we do not frighten we entice here." He held up a glittering knife. "But you will not talk—not when your tongue has been cut out."

"Sheena will punish you," gasped Bob. "You will not escape . . ."

The masked man gestured toward a shadowy part of the clearing. Bob saw what he had overlooked before—something he had never expected to see. Sheena was bound hand and foot, lying helpless on the ground.

The masked man motioned again. "Pull the cord through the drum. It will drown out his screams!" The knife glittered closer as men tugged at the cord and a weird, howling sound filled the jungle. Higher and higher the sound climbed, until Bob's teeth were on edge and agonizing shivers crawled along his spine. And now the knife was probing for his tongue, a knife wielded by an inhuman devil-thing in the grotesque mask. Closer—closer . . .

A scream of triumph rang through the clearing. Bob, incredulous, saw Sheena cast aside her bonds and spring for the tall man. A knife glinted, then was stained red, and the tall man crumpled to the ground. Sheena stood over the dying man and shouted her defiance, but with the death of their leader the other devil masks went running into the jungle. Once more Sheena had conquered!

Back in the village Sheena explained. "It was the renegade, Unnggi, who sought to rule my jungle by fear. And he almost vanquished Sheena this time—I was careless and fell into a trap."

"But how did you escape, Sheena?"

Sheena smiled. "When the devil sound started it set up a shivering in the cords which bound me. You call them vibrations, Bob. My bonds fell away—and they had forgotten to take my knife." She smiled again. "Truly it is not wise to be overconfident in the jungle—as even Sheena knows."

Hateful HERMAN

BY HAPPY LARKE



WHAT'S YOUR BEEF, PAL? NOTHING TRIVIAL, I HOPE.

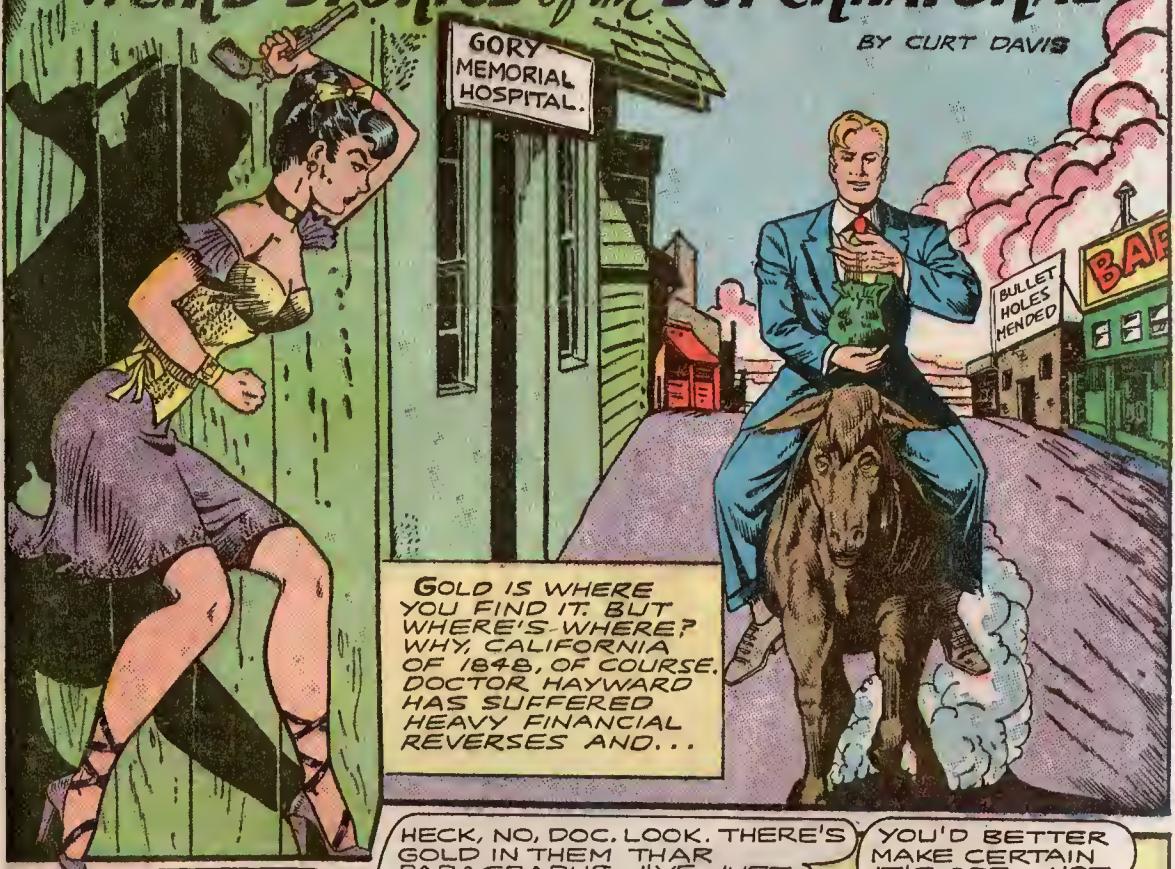
IT'S (SOB!) AWFUL.
MY GAL GAVE ME THE (SOB!) OZONE
FOR A DUKE. THEY'RE (SOB!) REHEARSING
THE (SOB!) WEDDING NOW.



Hateful HERMAN HATES IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

Stuart TAYLOR in WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

BY CURT DAVIS



CONFOUND IT! WHAT AN AWKWARD TIME TO RUN OUT OF FUNDS. I GUESS THIS MEANS I'LL HAVE TO ABANDON MY EXPERIMENTS.

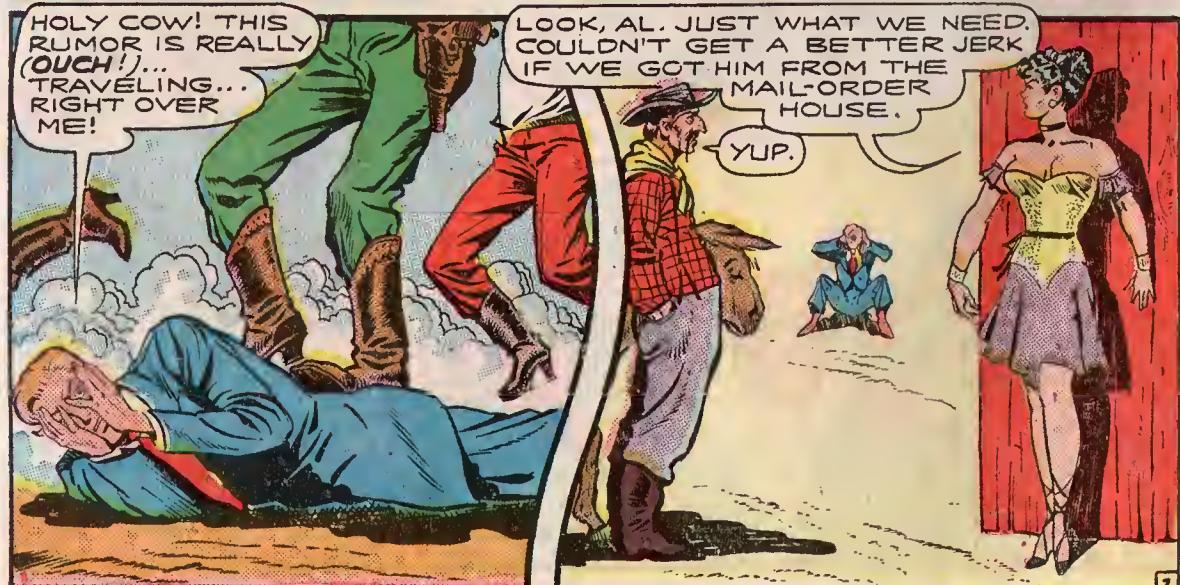
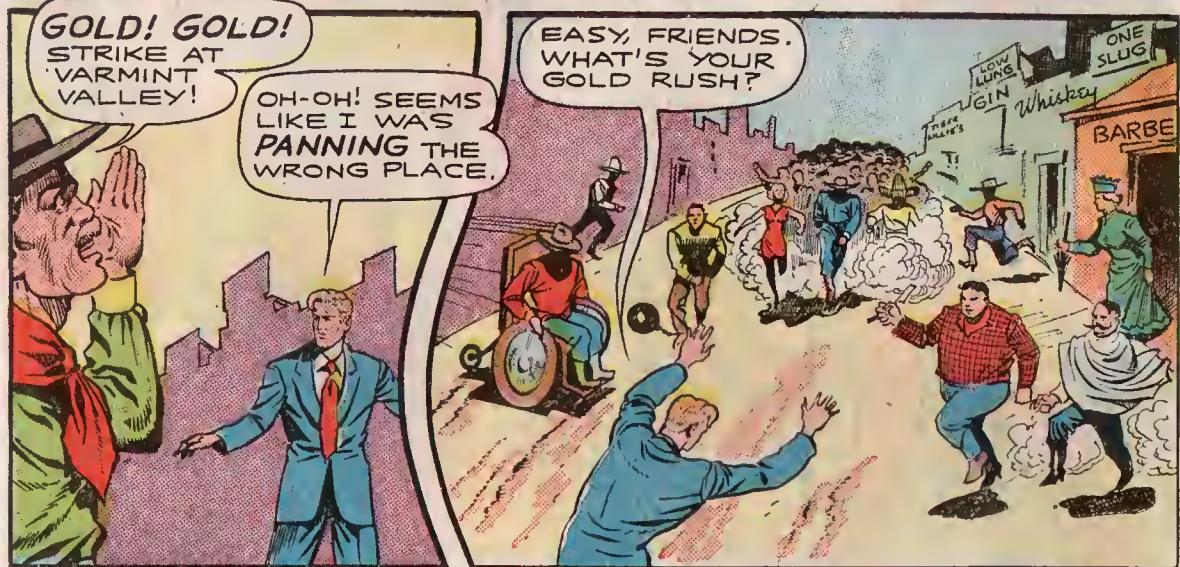
HECK, NO, DOC. LOOK. THERE'S GOLD IN THEM THAR PARAGRAPHS. I'VE JUST BEEN READING ABOUT THE CALIFORNIA RUSH. WHY NOT ZIP ME BACK THERE? MAYBE I'LL FIND GOLD!

YOU'D BETTER MAKE CERTAIN IT'S ORE... NOT TRESSES!

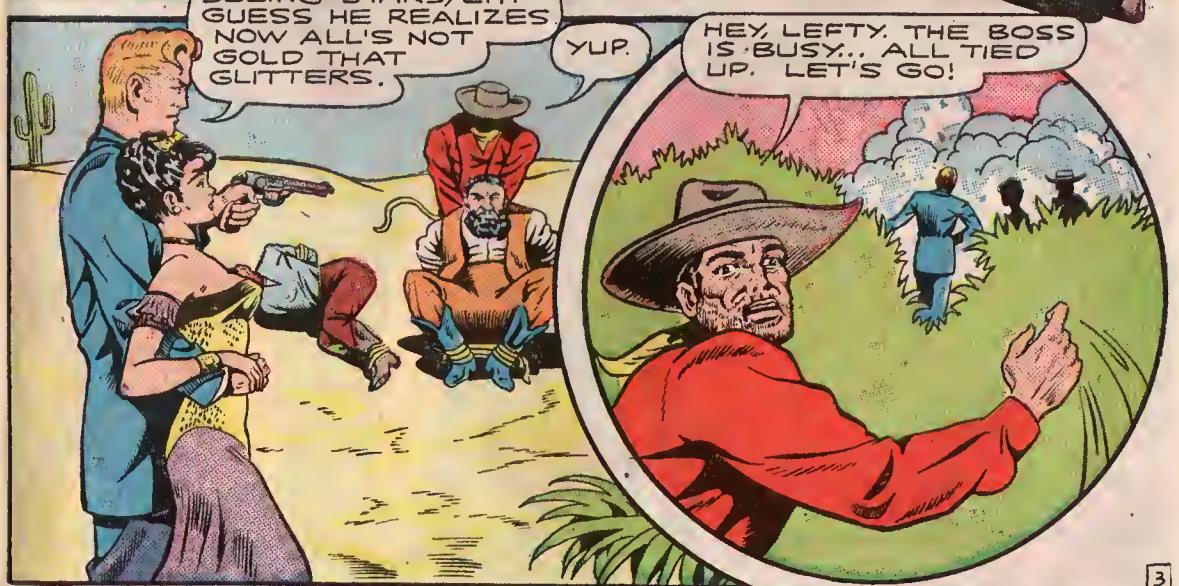
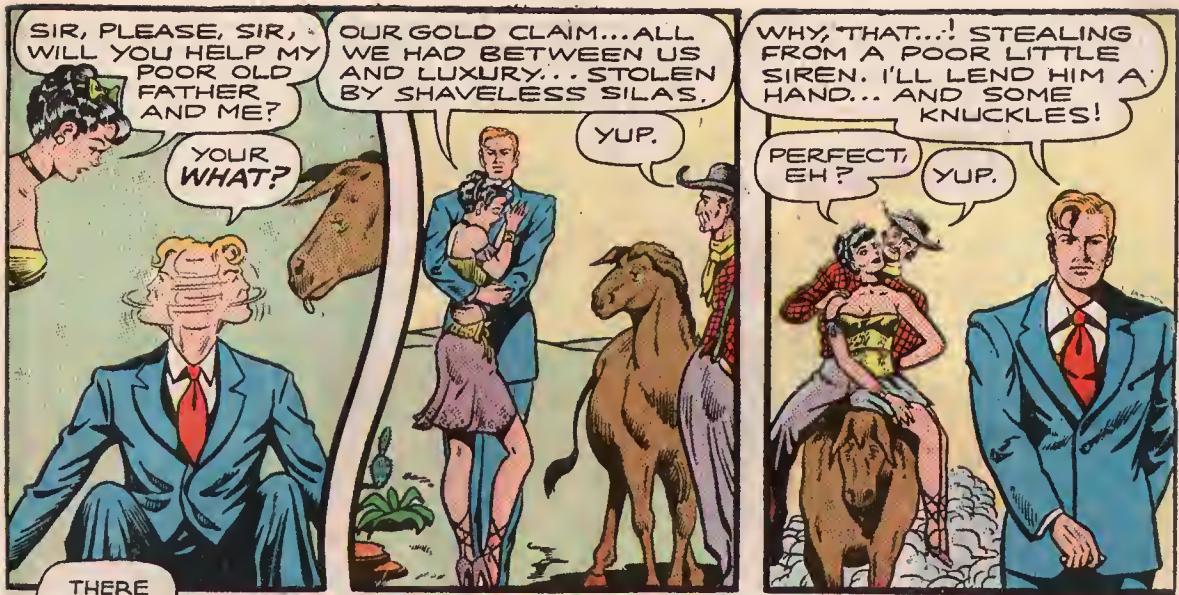


FOR ME? ?

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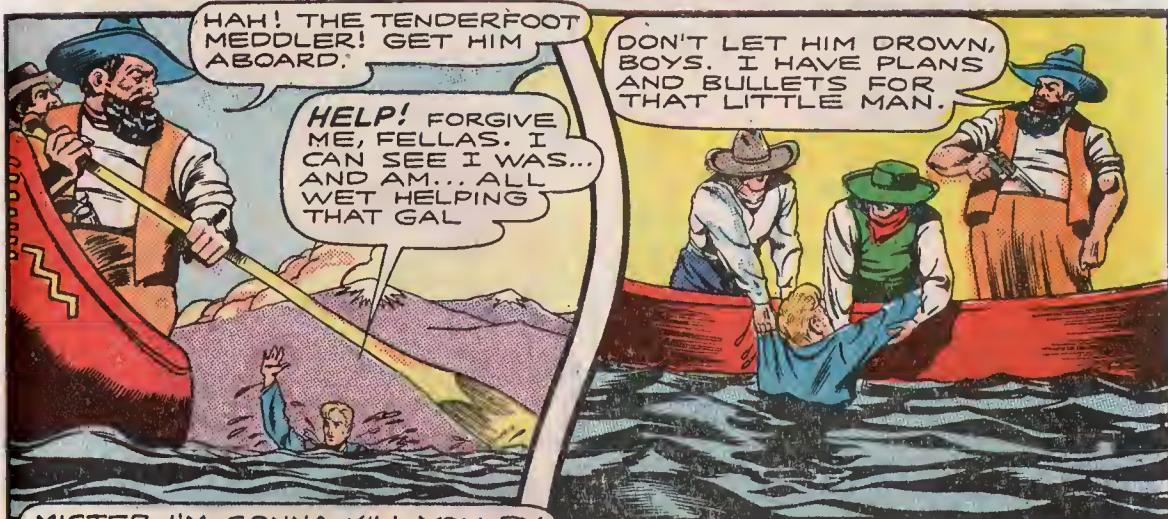
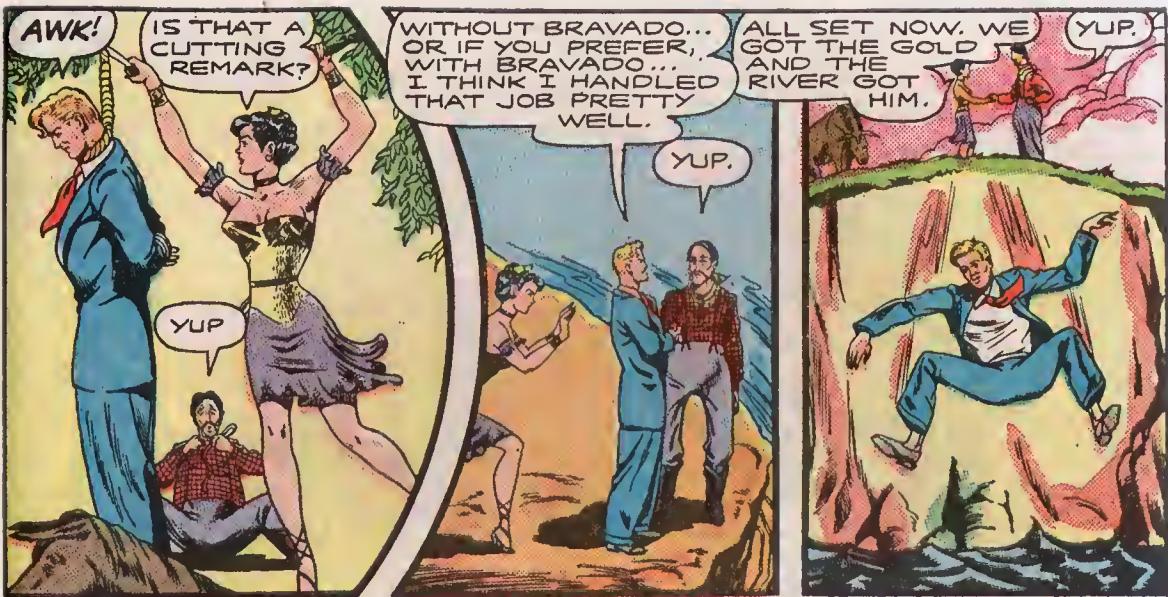
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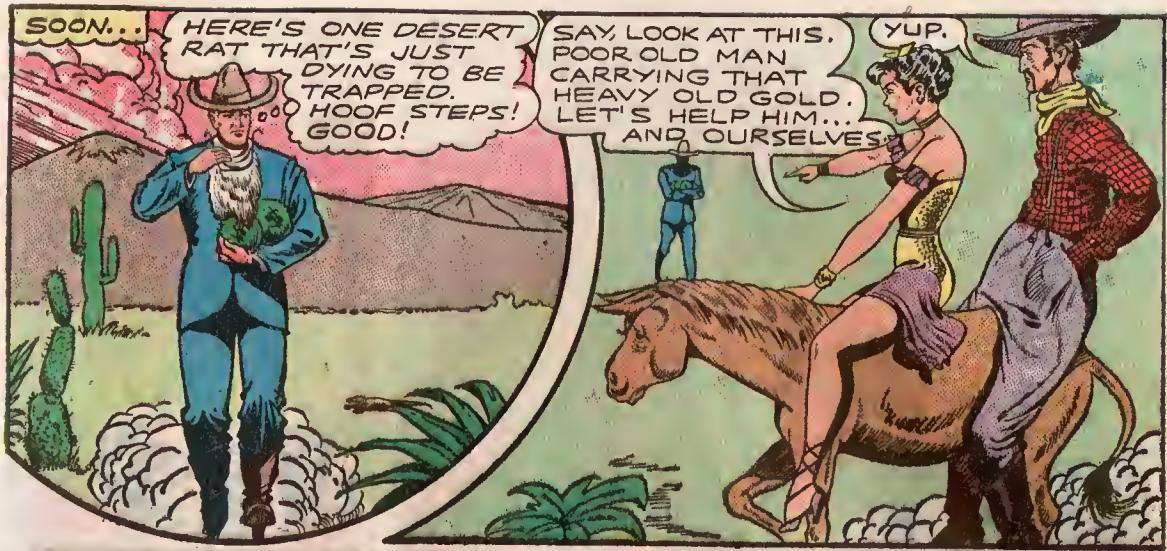
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THE GHOST GALLERY

BY DREW MURDOCH



SO READ THE INVITATIONS. AND AT THE BRIDE'S HOME, GAIETY REIGNED... BUT IT WAS A STRANGE, UNNATURAL HAPPINESS...

AND YOU'LL BE ON TIME? GOOD. I'LL BE WAITING AT THE ALTAR, JAMES.

NICELY DONE, NANCY. NICELY DONE, INDEED.

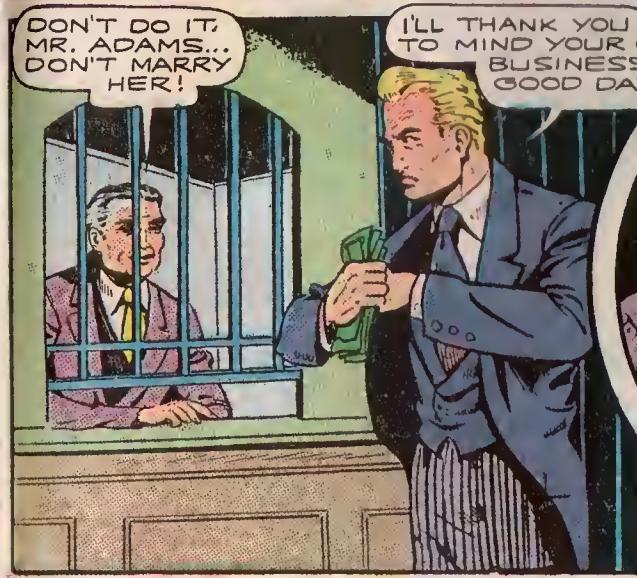
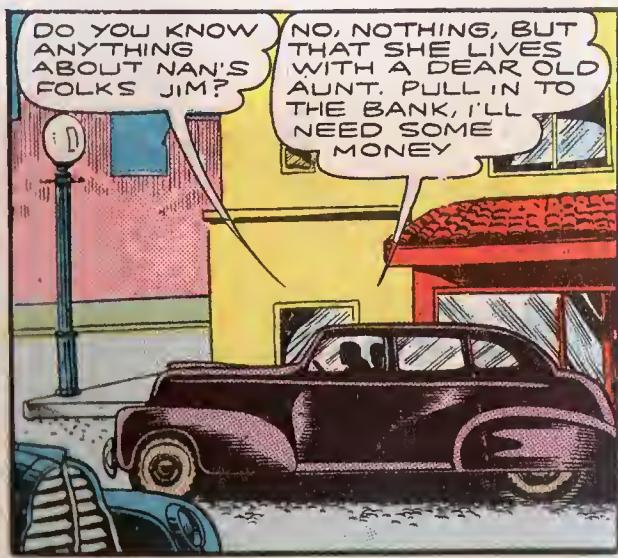
OH, THERE WAS NOTHING TO FEAR. HE'S CRAZY ABOUT ME, AUNTIE.

YES, NAN, I KNOW... BUT I WANTED TO MAKE SURE.





JUMBO COMICS



JUMBO COMICS

THAT TELLER HAD A NERVE, SHOOTING OFF HIS MOUTH AND WARNING ME NOT TO MARRY NAN. I SHOULD HAVE SMACKED HIM IN THE PUSS.

AW, FORGET IT. GUESS I'D BETTER PULL IN FOR SOME GAS.

FILL 'ER UP, SIR?

YEAH, AN' PLEASE HURRY.

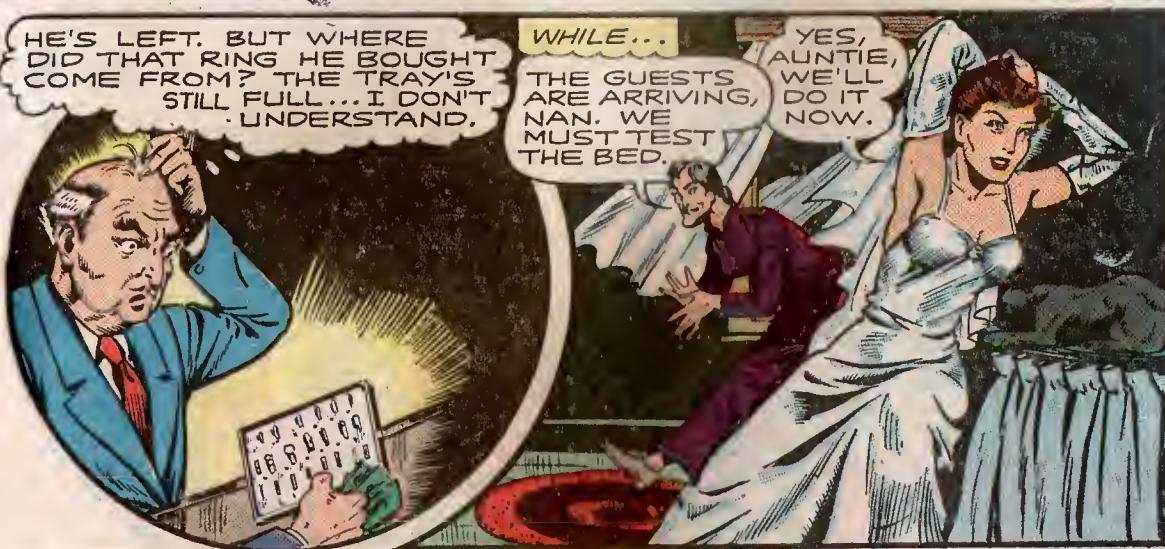


HE'S DRIVEN OFF AND I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE. I HAD NO IDEA HE WAS GOING TO MARRY NAN. I... I WONDER WHAT MADE ME SAY THAT?

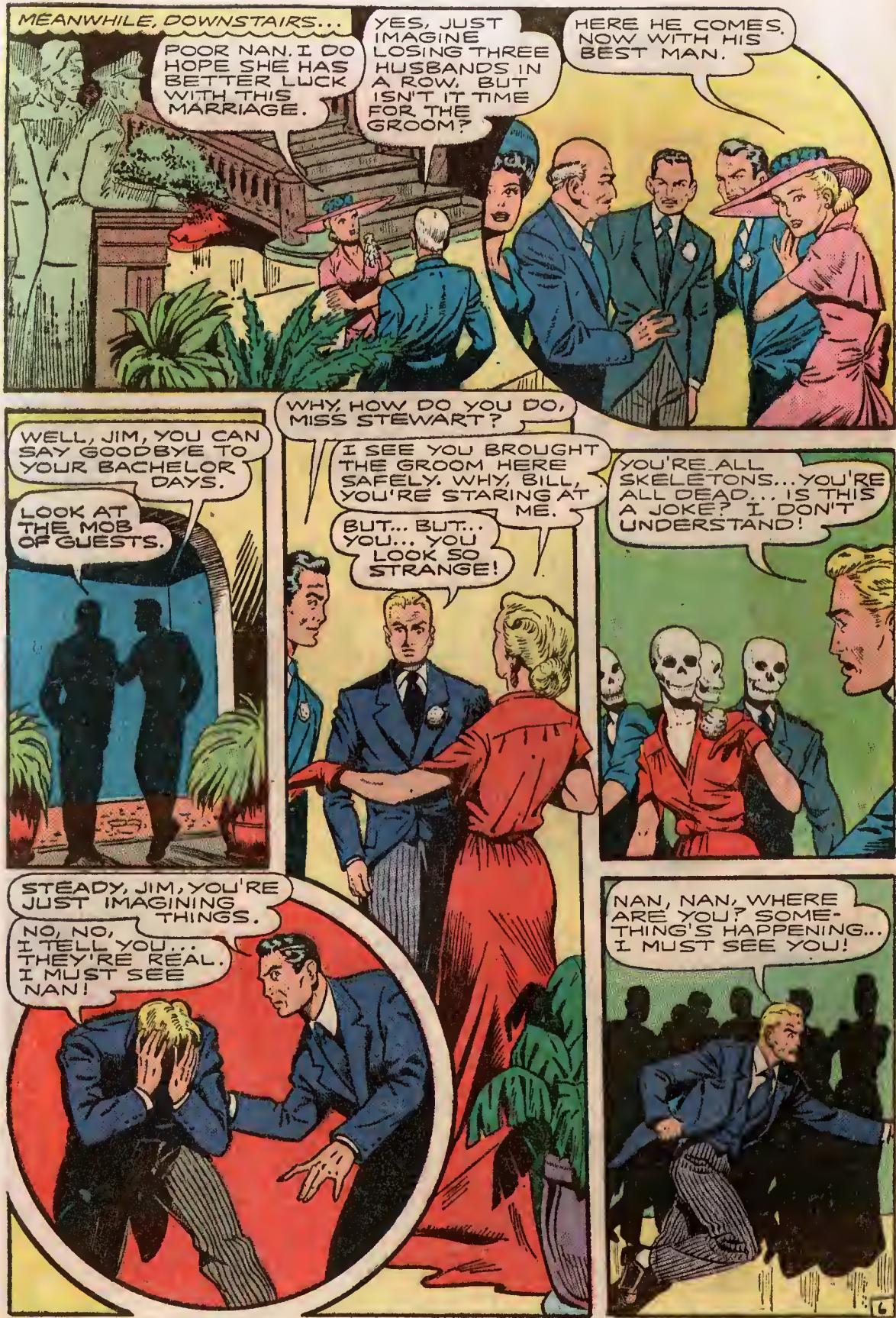


I WON'T TAKE A SECOND. JUST GOING TO PICK OUT HER WEDDING RING

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AS ABOVE...

IT WORKS VERY NICELY, MY DEAR.
HE'LL SLEEP SOUNDLY IN IT.
HA - HA - HA!

YES, AUNTIE,
NOW I MUST GO
DOWNSTAIRS.
WHY... SOME-
ONE'S AT
THE DOOR!

NAN... NAN... THOSE PEOPLE
DOWN THERE... THEY'RE DEAD!
WHY, THAT BED...
IT'S MOVING!



WHAT IS IT? LET ME
SEE!

NO, NO, GET
OUT! SATAN,
DRIVE HIM
OUT!

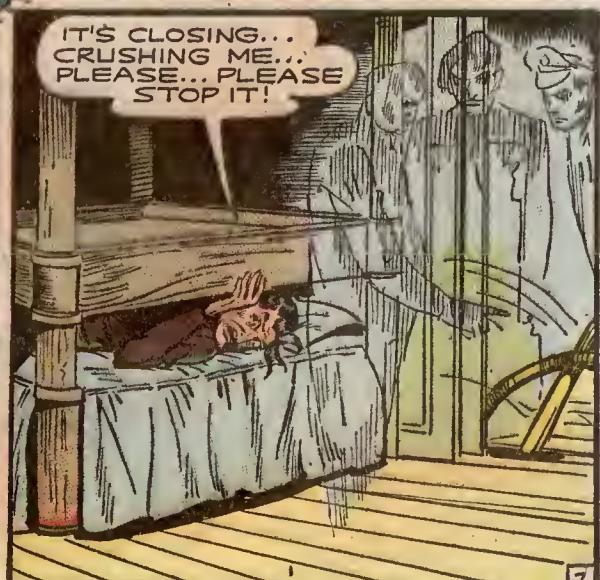


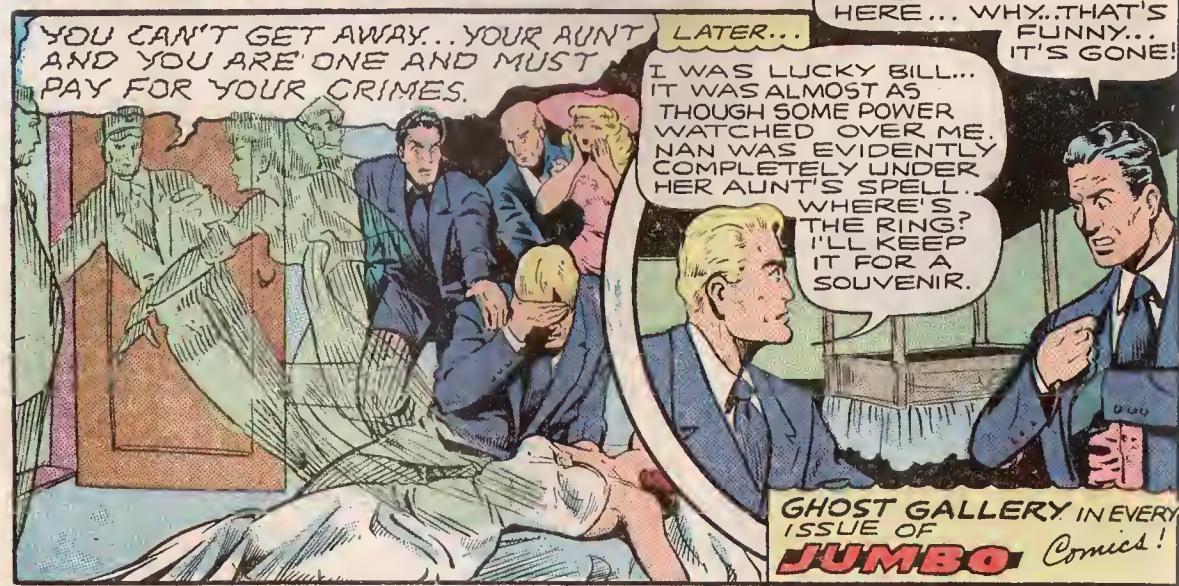
CLAW HIM,
SATAN, CLAW
HIM... OHHHH!



HELP-HELP!
GET ME OFF
HERE... HELP!

IT'S CLOSING...
CRUSHING ME...
PLEASE... PLEASE
STOP IT!





What's My Job? - I Manufacture Weaklings into **MEN!**

GIVE ME a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "**THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN.**"

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"?

How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 236 L 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Charles
Atlas

Actual Photograph of the
man who holds the title
"The World's Most Per-
fectly Developed Man."

FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 236 L 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 236 L
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

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City.....

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

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offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

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211 W. 7th Street Des Moines, Iowa

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Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1552, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name.....

Color of Hair

Address.....

Color of Eyes

City..... State.....

The index card reprinted below, listing this book's features and credits, is the work of the comic's owner, Jim Vadeboncoeur Jr. and collaborator Hames Ware. Jim, known to most as JVJ, has graciously made his incredible collection of books available to the world via a network of trusted scanners, who prepare these rare treasures for digital preservation and sharing with the world.

Jim and Hames are scholars who have identified credits for work that was done in an era when credits were optional. Some of the information presented here is recorded nowhere else in print or on the net. My thanks to Jim for my inclusion in the JVJ project.

Shared at the communities

Fiction House Factory (Yahoo Groups),
hosted by the venerable Yocitrus
Golden Age Comics
(<http://goldenagecomics.co.uk>) and
The Digital Comic Museum
(<http://digitalcomicsmuseum.com>)

Mrs. Maggie Marlow cordially invites you to ride in her carriage. HOME, GAIETY REIGNED... BUT IT WAS A STRANGE UNNATURAL HAPPINESS.
Visit them, support them, and contribute to the JVJ Postage Fund, which enables the ongoing efforts to bring Public Domain treasures such as this to the public eye.

Edited, compiled and posted by builderboy.



BY DREW MURDOCH

NUMBER #93

FH

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cover	Doolin
Sheena	WVB - WOMAN
ZX-5	FANTE +
Sly Girl	BAKER (Houston + Kline)
SMART TALKIN'	FANTE (+ Watson)
THE HAWK	WVB + Brinkley
GHOST GALLERY	BAKER + Ferguson